CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

Distinguished Survivors Still Accounted for.

News and Courier.

The appointment of Gens. Lee, Wheeler and Butler to high commands in the volunteer army has served to call attention again to the surviving Confederate commanders, of a majority of whom little has been heard in recent years.

Beauregard, who died several years ago, was the last full general, but of the lieutenant generals, seven survive—Simon B. Buckner, Wade Hampton, Stephen D. Lee, Joseph Wheeler, Alexander F. Stewart, James S. Longstreet and John B. Gordon. Of these all but Hampton, Lee and Gordon are graduates of West Point. Buckner and Grant were classmates at that institution, and in this connection an interesting and little known story is told. A few weeks before the first Bull Run, several Confederate officers were dining together in Richmond. The talk at table turned upon the merits of the men who then held high command in the Union Army, and it was the opinion of the majority that the ablest soldiers of the old army had cast their fortunes with the South. Buckner was the only one present who failed to agree with this belief.

"Gentlemen," he said, "there was a man in my class at West Point whom you must not omit from your calculations. He left the army years ago, and I don't know whether he is still alive or not, but if he is and turns up on the Northern side, he will cause us trouble. Perhaps some of you remember him. His name is Grant."

Buckner proved a true prophet. During the following four years three of the men at the Richmond dinner table—Lee, Pemberton and Buckner himself—surrendered their armies to Grant, who, in 1861, had fallen so completely out of sight that his old classmate did not know whether he was dead or alive. Gen. Buckner, who is a veteran of two wars, was elected Governor of Kentucky in 1887. Since his retirement from that office he has lived a quiet life, with his family and servants about him. His home is in the mountains of Kentucky, and is only to be reached by water on his private steamer, and, although only a hundred miles from Louisville, it requires an entire day to make the trip. He keeps a large retinue of ante-bellum dependants, and probably is as nearly a feudal lord as can be found in America.

Than Wade Hampton no braver man served in the Confederate Armies. Among the earliest in the field, he led the "Hampton Legion" at the first Bull Run, in which battle he was wounded, but as soon as possible resumed service in the army, and was wounded for the second time in the battle of Seven Pines, where he commanded the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia. Later he commanded the cavalry operating in Virginia, was wounded the third time at Gettysburg, and was leader of the rear guard which fell back before the victorious advance of Gen. Sherman. When the army in which Gen. Hampton was serving surrendered to the Union forces, his military experiences were ended. His public career since then is a similiar story.

Gen. S. D. Lee, of South Carolina, another civilian general conspicuous for skill and bravery, is now a farmer and president of the State Agricultural College of Mississippi; Gen. A. P. Stewart is a member of the Chickamauga State commission; Gen. Joseph Wheeler, before the opening of the present war, was for several years a member of Congress from Alabama, and Gen. James A. Longstreet has lately been appointed a railroad commissioner by President McKinley. Gen. Longstreet, or "Old Peter," as he was called by his men, is counted by many careful students of the civil war the ablest of all the Confederate captains. Cautious, clear-headed, and a master of military science, no sobriquet fits him so well as the "Thomas of the Lost Cause."

John B. Gordon was its Murat. The son of a Baptist minister, Gen. Gordon, when the war broke out, was trying to develop a coal mine in Northwest Georgia. Down there in the mountains he raised a regiment of natives and reached Virginia in time to take part in the opening of the war. In the first engagement of his hardy mountaineers two-thirds of them were killed or wounded. Every officer except Gordon was slain, and his escape was a miracle, his clothing being riddled with bullets.

The mark of a minie ball in Gen. Gordon's cheek is a reminder of the bloody and wrathful day when the battle of Seven Pines was fought. The 6th Alabama, commanded by Gordon, was at the front of the fight. Suddenly there came an order, from whom was never discovered, directing the regiment to charge across an open field and capture a battery that was stationed in a thicket, and pouring a terrible fire into the Confederate ranks. It was like the charge of the Six Hundred. Some one had blundered. But at the head of that yelling and racing thousand of men and in the face of that murderous fire Gordon sprang to obey the fatal command. When the shattered remnants were hurled back across that death-strewn field its colonel, bleeding and wounded in five places, was carried to the hospital tent, where for weeks his life was despaired of. Nevertheless he recovered, and within two years rose, by hard fighting and merit as a commander, to the rank of lieutenant general. As commander of the Confederate 2d army corps he was the first to attack Gettysburg, and he held the last line at Petersburg, fighting with stubborn valor for every inch of space. Yet Gen. Gordon had not had a particle of military training, and when the war closed was only 30 years of age. Since then he has been twice Governor of his State and twice a member of the Federal Senate.

Among the surviving Confederate veterans who held the rank of major general are John H. Forney, who is living in retirement at Jenifer, Ala.; Samuel C. French, now a plante in Florida; William L. Cabell, a merchant in Dallas, Texas; James R. Chalmers, of Fort Pillow memory, at present a leading member of the Nashville Bar; G. W. C. Lee, until lately president of Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Va., a post his father, Robert E. Lee, held before him; Matt. Ransom, long a United States Senator and Minister to Mexico under Cleveland; Matthew C. Butler, who lost a leg at Brandy Station, and who, after three terms in the Federal Senate, is ending his public career as a major general of volunteers; and William B. Bate, Thomas L. Rosser, and Fitzhugh Lee.

Gen. Bate went into the army as a private and rose by stout fighting and successive promotions to the command of a division, being three times dangerously wounded in battle. After the war he was elected Governor of Tennessee, and since 1887 has sat in the Senate at Washington. Gen. Rosser was one of the most daring of the Confederate cavalry leaders. In a great degree he resembled Custer, whose classmate he was at West Point. Once at Buckland Mills, in Virginia, as he was driven out, he left a message with some ladies at a farm house for the gallant leader who died on the big horn: "You have disturbed me at my breakfast. I owe you one, and I'll get even with you."

He was as good as his word. He allowed Custer to cross the creek, then swooped down upon him while his command was brewing coffee. It took Custer twenty-four hours to gather his men after this dash. Rosser is now a rich man, and it is interesting to record that it was his old chum Custer who helped to make him one. The surrender of Lee left Rosser penniless, and, with a wife and children to support, he was glad to accept an humble place in the construction corps of the Northern Pacific Road. There Custer ran across him, quite by accident, and seeking out the chief engineer of that road, said:

"There is a man named Rosser under you as a construction boss?"

"Yes," was the engineer's reply, "and one of the best men I ever had. Anything wrong about him?"

"No," replied Custer, "but he was at West Point with me, and afterwards a major general in the Confederate Army. Can't you give him something better than the work he is doing?"

"Why, I have been looking for just such a man," said the engineer.

And so Rosser, through Gen. Custer's kindly offices, was made second in command of the engineer corps. When, a few months later, he became its chief, he made such shrewd use of the opportunity the position afforded him for speculation and investment that to-day he is worth half a million dollars. Custer, on the other hand, died a poor man.

Like Rosser, Fitzhugh Lee is best remembered by his old comrades in arms as a dashing cavalry officer, and as brave and light-hearted a trooper as ever led men into battle. When the war began he was a lieutenant colonel under "Jeb" Stuart; when it ended he was a commander of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia. Before that he had been a lieutenant in the old army. After the war he became a farmer in Virginia. "I had been accustomed all my life," he said, not long ago, "to draw corn from the quartermaster, and I found it hard to draw it from an obstinate soil; but I did it." In 1884 Gen. Lee was made Governor of Virginia, and in the spring of 1896 President Cleveland appointed him consul general at Havana, a post in which he was continued by President McKinley.

The surviving Confederate brigadier generals still number upward of fourscore, a few of whom call for individual mention. Francis M. Cockrell and John T. Morgan are members of the United States Senate; William R. Cox is sergeant-at-arms of the same body, and E. P. Alexander, Lee's old chief-of-staff, president of the Central Railroad of Georgia. Bradley T. Johnson is a lawyer in Baltimore; Basil W. Duke follows the same vocation in Louisville, and James A. Walker is a member of Congress from Virginia. Moxley Sorel is superintendent of the Savannah Steamship Company, and Henry H. Walker a prosperous banker in New York city, where Roger A. Pryor is serving as Judge on the local Bench.

All these men long since accepted the war as a fact accomplished, and a touching token of the new order is the dearly-prized memento which Gen. Buckner displays to most visitors to his Kentucky home—the note penciled by Gen. Grant when Buckner visited him at Mount McGregor. "I have witnessed since my sickness," wrote the dying and speechless captain to his old friend and comrade, "just what I have wished to see ever since the war: harmony and good feeling between the sections. * * * The war was worth all it cost us, fearful as it was. Since it was over I have visited every State in Europe and a number in the East. I know as I did not before the value of our inheritance."

R. R. WILSON.

Unwritten Law.

It is an unwritten law in America that when persons or vehicles meet on a thoroughfare each must turn to the right. The law everywhere understood and obeyed saves endless confusion, collision and delay. The American passes to the right because in firing, the gun is directed by the left hand. He offers his defensive side to the stranger. In Europe they turn to the left. That is because the spear was pointed and the mace yielded with the right hand. It is remarkable how many of our manners are feudal and military—pretty much all of them, in fact. A respectable bow is a concession of superiority, a survival in much modified form of the oriental prostration. The military salute is a token of surrender. The finest of all salutes is the lifting of the hat. It is an act of homage, an acknowledgement of moral worth; and, unlike the others, has no pretense of humanity in it. It is reserved for the most part for estimable ladies, and it is remarkable how much discrimination is shown in yielding it to men. Touching the hat is a military salute and means comradeship. There is an extended code of the unwritten laws of social life, but they are mostly natural and therefore obeyed spontaneously. The unwritten law of the highway is that, in meeting, each must give half, but if one is light and the other loaded the light must give all. People do that because it immediately appeals to the sense of appropriateness and right. One who disobeys these laws is regarded as more than uncultured—he is regarded as morally coarse. The obedience of the crowd to the policemen is an intelligent obedience. The people know that good order is necessary to progress, and that disregard of the policeman's orders lead to discomfort, confusion and collision. Nothing is more conductive to happiness than the spirit and habit of obedience to lawful authority. The boy who is not trained to obey his parents is left to incur a word of trouble in life.

— The king of Greece, when conversing with the members of his family, never employs any but the English language. He seldom speaks French, and only uses Greek when compelled to do so.

A War-Time Luxury.

While some of the "old boys" were talking over the stirring times when they played so prominent a part the colonel took a hand, with hardtack as his subject:

"I never saw a company of volunteers go out yet," he said, "that they did not kick good and plenty against the army cracker. It was so when I was a lieutenant with a lot of raw recruits. There was next thing to a mutiny. They vowed that hardtack had less taste than air, water, sponge or cork. They designated it as solidified nothing brittled in a desert heat. The Government was inveighed against as the worst kind of a provider and the growlers would punish each other by telling what good things they used to get at home. I have heard a groan from a hundred throats when some fellow would yell 'pie' just as a taunt and self-relief.

"On the first expedition intrusted to the boys I managed to have bread issued for them, and they were tickled beyond expression. Before the end of the second day the bread was sour. The next day it was far worse, and simply defied anything better than a starving appetite. Before we got back to camp they were fairly crying for hardtack as children do for gingerbread when on a pic nic excursion. Later we had a worse and more convincing experience. Our army was making a forced march, and ran out of regular rations. Flour was issued instead of crackers. Occasionally orders to advance came before we had time to prepare any sort of bread, and away we'd go carrying our allowance of flour. When caught in a rain storm the flour would be changed to paste, and when we tried to cook it in this form it was about as digestible as grape and canister. We had half-baked dough that would send an alligator to the hospital, flapjack that reached the stomach with a dull thud and rolls that justified their name only in the subsequent effect produced upon the eater. When we struck a point where hardtack could be issued the boys cheered as lustily as though they had won a hard battle.

"We men who have been through it know that this same despised hardtack is the mainstay and comes to be the solace of the army. It is as good wet as dry, if not better. If crumbled till you have to eat it with a spoon or by the handful, it is just as palatable as when it is intact. The man that invented hardtack did a whole lot to fight the battles of the world."—*Detroit Free Press.*

— America is the most thickly wooded quarter of the globe, but the extensive lumber trade and the annual destruction of thousands of acres by fire is causing a rapid denudation. The official figures for the United States alone show a yearly loss of over 10,000,000 acres, valued at over $25,000,000, Tennessee leading with 985,000 acres, while the loss in the Indian Territory was but 1,000 acres.

— Nature has given us too ears, two eyes, and but one tongue, to the end that we should hear and see more than we speak.

Excursion to New Territory.

The first excursion from the south to Cuba and Porto Rico will probably leave Savannah sometime in the first week of October.

A splendid steamer has been chartered, it is said, and the gentlemen in charge of the proposed trip are Atlantians. Realizing that nothing could be of more interest just at present than Cuba and Porto Rico, several gentlemen have been negotiating for a couple of weeks for a safe, commodious and well-equipped steamer. These negotiations have proceeded far enough to warrant the statement that there is almost a certainty that the complete arrangements for the trip will be made known shortly.

The steamer will accommodate between 200 and 300 passengers and the trip will occupy about three weeks. The first stop will be made at a point in Cuba, and the next stop will be at Ponce, Porto Rico.

It is needless to say that if the plans of the Atlantians are carried out that there will be a large number of Atlanta people to avail themselves of the opportunity to make the trip The danger season will be over and there will be no fear of yellow fever. The weather, too, is extremely pleasant at that time.—*Atlanta Journal.*

— Rev. Mark Grier who has been in China some years as missionary from the Presbyterian church here, is now in America and is visiting his wife's people in the North. Mr. Grier is at home for a year and comes for his wife's health. He was married in China to Dr. Henrietta B. Donaldson also a missionary. Rev. and Mrs. Grier will come south in the late fall and spend a while with Mr. Grier's people at Due West.—*Abbeville Medium.*

— John Seay, who was shot on the day of the campaign meeting at Lexington, has since died of his injuries.

A Critical Time During the Battle of Santiago.

SICK OR WELL, A RUSH NIGHT AND DAY.

The packers at the battle of Santiago de Cuba were all heroes. Their heroic efforts in getting ammunition and rations to the front saved the day.

P. E. Butler, of pack-train No. 3, writing from Santiago de Cuba, on July 23rd, says: "We all had diarrhoea in more or less violent form, and when we landed we had no time to see a doctor, for it was a case of rush and rush night and day to keep the troops supplied with ammunition and rations, but thanks to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, we were able to keep at work and keep our health; in fact, I sincerely believe that at one critical time this medicine was the indirect saviour of our army, for if the packers had been unable to work there would have been no way of getting supplies to the front. There were no roads that a wagon train could use. My comrade and myself had the good fortune to lay in a supply of this medicine for our pack-train before we left Tampa, and I know in four cases it absolutely saved life."

The above letter was written to the manufacturers of this medicine, the Chamberlain Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.